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Our Little Secrets

CLOCKWORK "ORANGE"

How seriously does the government take its own terror alerts? St Valentine's Day saw Defense Secretary Don Rumsfeld and Army General Tommy Franks, two top players in the scheduled onslaught on Iraq, plus a passel of other notables, all floating on the Hudson, aboard the decommissioned aircraft carrier Intrepid.

Franks, who won it last year, was giving Rumsfeld the Intrepid Freedom Award, for overall services to liberty and the western way of life. As an event it sounds like a Must-Miss. These days we don't take awards or prize givings seriously unless it involves someone being handed a cheque worth the annual GNP of Brazil for winning a super lotto.

All it would have taken was four more Martyrs for Allah with a boatload of high explosive and it could have made the attack on the US Cole look like chickenfeed.

Under the very eyes of the Navy and Coastguard? Why not? Look at what happened a few days earlier in Key West, the actual day Ashcroft and Riggs announced we're One Nation Under Orange. Four uniformed fugitives from Cuba's navy patrol made landfall on the Homeland, passing undetected by southern Florida's vast flotillas of Coastguard and Navy vessels.

The four tied up their 32-foot fiber-glass cigarette boat (sporting the Cuban flag and containing two AK-47s, 8 loaded magazines and a GPS finder tuned to the coordinates of the US Coastguard station) on the southern shore of Key West, at the Hyatt

(**OLS** *continued on page 2*)

No! In Thunder

A simultaneous global protest! Collectively those mid-February rallies against war on Iraq have been the largest such demonstrations in history and, individually, the largest turnouts in the history of the UK, Italy, Australia and maybe Spain.

This thunderous popular No! has emboldened, at least for now, France and Germany and undercut the UK's Tony Blair. Nor can a man with as keen an eye for the political temperature as UN Arms Inspector Hans Blix have been oblivious to the emotions of Old Europe.

Here in the United States city after city reported turnouts far in excess of what organizers had hoped for. We're thinking of towns like Flagstaff, Arizona, which had a peace rally of 1,500 in downtown, as big a an event for Flagstaff as was the 200,000 in San Francisco. The block-by-block pens imposed by New York's mayor Bloomberg managed to paralyze the East Side far more dramatically than would the rally and march originally requested by the organizers and shamefully denied by the NYP and then by the federal courts.

The numbers here and overseas overwhelmed the studious indifference of the mainstream press, which had previously thought it safe to use the word "thousands" about rallies of quarter of a million. Efforts to stigmatize the rallies as the work of tiny Marxist sects failed miserably. Organizers such as Leslie Cagan in United for Peace and Justice, and the ANSWER crowd drew on years of organizing experience to manage tremendous events.

The protests got under the skin of both Bush and Blair regimes. After the weekend the Washington Post ran an inside-dopester item reporting that the White House was beginning to regard Rumsfeld as a political liability.

So we have a mass citizens' movement, bursting up from below, without any major presence by organized labor or the mainstream environmental movement, a reassertion of the vigor of the early rallies against the WTO, starting in Seattle, except here there was no "black bloc" of anarchists, no violence, for the press to seize upon and demonize.

Where is this peace movement expressing itself politically? In the US House of Representatives there are 30 co-sponsors to a toughly worded antiwar resolution put forward by Pete DeFazio of Oregon, a Democrat, and Ron Paul of Texas, a Republican. In the US Senate Robert Byrd and Ted Kennedy stand almost alone in their vehement opposition.

In other words, the US Congress is deeply intimidated. The week before the rallies the US House of Representatives passed a full-throated endorsement of Israel 411-2, with only two voting against (Ron Paul, plus Nick Rahall of West Virginia, a Democrat.) Three voted Present, and eighteen were Absent.)

Among the candidates for the Democratic nomination, Dennis Kucinich and Howard Dean are edging (more rapidly after the big weekend) towards outright opposition to war of Al Sharpton, armor-plating themselves with heavy emphasis on the need for continued inspections and UN endorsement. Very few mainstream politicians dare state the obvious: that Bush, Powell and Rumsfeld have definitively failed to make their case.

A lot of Democrats are sitting on their hands with their mouths shut because they think time is on their side. If there is a war, they calculate that by mid-2004 the political pay-off for the 43rd president will have had as short a lifespan as it did for the 41st president back in 1994. And that's assuming a rapid installation of a new US-backed tyrant in Baghdad, without too many US casualties.

If, against the odds and by dint of continuing protests, there isn't a war, Bush's political capital will dwindle even more rapidly, undermined anyway by anxieties about the economy and his overall competence.

In the end, an antiwar movement has to head somewhere beyond the basic No, flesh out political platforms, get into "divisive" issues. And if Bush starts the war, it will all get much tougher. But for now, lets savor one of history's great weekends. CP

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Our Little Secrets

Resort dock.

Then, clad in their Cuban military fatigues (one had a Chinese-made handgun strapped to his hip) they wandered about, looking for a police station where they could turn themselves in. Walking down Simonton, they marveled at the serene emptiness of the evening streets, so unlike bustling Havana, their leader said later. A block further west they'd have hit the surge of gays on Duval. Had they been Terrorists there were plenty of rewarding targets within a strolling distance, including a major surveillance center for the Caribbean and Latin America, run by US Southern Command, also a US Navy base, plus of course Key West's extensive literary colony.

Maybe the Masters of Terror feel Rumsfeld is worth more to them alive than dead. After all, the Soviet Union tried to split NATO for forty years without success. Rumsfeld and his commander in chief have done the job in barely more than a couple of years, as Senator Bobby Byrd pointed out in a great speech on the Hill February 12.

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The Energy Cartel's Dream Season: "If you were King, or Il Duce"

Meet Joseph Kelliher. The name may ring a bell, even though for the past two years the Bush administration has tried to keep him in the shadows. He's the man who spearheaded Dick Cheney's National Energy Policy Development Group, which wrote up a dream list for Big Oil, turned it into administration policy and then invoked executive privilege to keep the whole affair concealed from public scrutiny.

This was the task force that recommended, among other things: oil drilling in ANWR, the Rocky Mountain Front and the Outer Continental Shelf; relaxed clean air rules for power plants; expanded subsidies for nuclear power; eased regulations on strip mining and mine safety; more natural gas drilling and associated pipelines; reductions in spending for solar energy and other renewables; tax breaks for energy companies along the lines of those exploited so cleverly by Enron; and further reductions in the pittance the oil companies currently pay the federal treasury in royalty payments for crude extracted from public lands.

There's a reason the Bushies have worked so sedulously to Kelliher's mission hidden. It's exactly in sync with those Clinton coffee klatches. From the limited amount of information that has leaked out about the work of the task force (largely the result of dogged legal pressure from Judicial Watch) , it appears that Kelliher eagerly solicited the advice of oil industry lobbyists and merely cut-and-pasted their fervent desires for less regulation and more opportunities for unfettered exploitation directly into the text of the president's energy plan.

One of Kelliher's chief conduits was an oil industry lobbyist named Stephen Craig Sayle. Sayle and Kelliher are old pals. They both worked as chief legislative counsel for Rep. Joe Barton, the Texas Republican who watches out for the oil and gas industry from his perch on the House Commerce Committee. Sayle left Barton's office in 1993 and landed at the Dutko Group, a DC lobby shops specializing in advancing the interests of energy companies.

One of Sayle's prime clients was group operating under the dubious banner of the Clean Power Group. The Clean Power Group wasn't an environmental outfit, but a cabal of five natural gas companies, Calpine, El Paso Corp., NiSource, Trigen and, you guessed it, Enron. (Both Enron and El Paso are under investigation by the Justice Department. Enron for its accounting hi-jinks and El Paso for illegally withholding gas to California during the height of the energy crunch.)

On March 3, 2001 Sayle sent Kelliher a long email enumerating the desires of his clients (who had contributed more than $5 million to the RNC) for a more "flexible" approach to the regulation of emissions from power, including mercury, nitrogen oxide and sulfur dioxide. Sayle said the companies would prefer "voluntary caps" instead of the more rigid limitations on these toxins currently enforced by the EPA. He called his requests "a dream list." Some dreams come true. Indeed, Sayle's wish list was incorporated almost verbatim into Cheney's energy plan and later resurfaced as the basis of Bush's "Clean Skies" initiative, which jettisons regulatory limits and replaces them with voluntary caps, phased-in reductions and pollution trading credits.

To top it off, one of Sayle's clients, Trigen, was picked by the EPA as a founding partner of Bush's Combined Heat and Power Partnership, an endeavor "flexible environmental permitting" that comes along with a $52 million grant from the Bush budget. Trigen is subsidiary of Suez, a France-based energy conglomerate.

Another group of companies that caught Kelliher's ear was energy firms that operate coal-fired power plants. Since 1977, these companies have chafed at the requirements of a Clean Air Act rule known as the New Source Review, which limits the amount of power that can be generated from old power plants. The Southern Company is the second largest generator of coal-fired power plants and has long sought to emasculate the New Source Review rules. It has emitted tons of campaign contributions to this end: more than $3.2 million to Republican candidates since 1999, the most by any energy concern. In 1999, Southern had been sued by the EPA for routinely violating the NSR guidelines.

On March 23, 2001 Kelliher had an email chat with Michael J. Riith, South-

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ern's chief lobbyist. Riith allowed as how the power company would look favorably on a move by the Bush administration to "exclude" its plants from compliance with this troublesome requirement. Presto! Riith's recommendations appeared almost verbatim in Bush's National Energy Policy statement.

Instead of trying to maneuver this change through Congress, Riith suggested simply imposing the plan through administrative fiat. In November 2002, EPA director Christie Todd Whitman announced that factories, oil refineries and coal power plants could ask her for an exemption from the rule. Ask and ye shall receive.

Another of Kelliher's chums is Jim Ford, the top lobbyist for the American Petroleum Institute, the main trade association for the nation's top 200 oil and gas companies. Ford didn't beat around the bush offering philosophical nuggets for inclusion in the Cheney energy plan. His clients wanted immediate action. In a March 20, 2001 email to Kelliher, Ford demanded that the new administration issue two executive orders. Ford wanted Bush to order federal agencies to curtail any new regulation or rule that might "adversely affect the energy industry."

The breathtaking sweep of this request didn't give the Bushites much pause. The substance of it was incorporated in an Executive Order on May 18, 2001. Ford's second request was that Bush deploy "a strike force" of pro-drilling bureaucrats to intimidate Forest Service and BLM land managers into approving pending applications for oil and gas drilling on public lands. Bush, at Kelliher's urging, leapt at the chance to implement this request, signing another executive order creating a task force to "expedite" and "accelerate" oil drilling activities on national forest lands.

Here's another example of Kelliher at work. On March 18, 2001, he sent an email to the natural gas industry's top lobbyist, Dana Contratto, head of the energy group at the big DC law firm Crowell & Moring. Kelliher asked Contratto to imagine that he was Mussolini and could impose any new plan he desired.

"If you were King, or Il Duce, what would you include in a national policy, especially with respect to national gas issues?" Kelliher wrote. "Should I look at any of the gas pipeline provisions in the House EPAct bill (sic) that were dropped in conference? I am just looking for your immediate thoughts, please do not put a lot of time into this. I am working up the policy elements, and am less confident of my judgment on gas pipeline issues than other areas and thought I would pick your brain. With respect to the Alaska Natural Gas Transportation Act of 1976, I am operating under a suspicion that law would have to be substantially amended to serve as a basis for licensing an Alaskan gas pipeline. Do you agree?"

Contratto rose to the challenge of being Il Duce. He told Kelliher that the key was "to expedite pipeline permitting". The easiest way to do this was to get more pipeline-friendly commissioners on the Federal Energy Regulatory Agency, or FERC. Contratto's first goal magically materialized in the energy task force's recommendations, which called for speeding up the approval of pipeline permits regardless of safety or environmental consequences. Then to seal the deal Bush recently nominated Kelliher to fill one of recent two vacancies on the FERC board. His nomination must be approved by the senate, which has shown little sign of impeding this final fulfillment of the energy cartel's dream season.

Kelliher asked Contratto to imagine that he was Mussolini and could impose any new plan he desired.

Why Guernica?

We look forward to CP and are constantly delighted by the contents, but in the print edition of January 16-31 2003 you write in Our Little Secrets , "as Hitler's bombs fell from the sky over that little Spanish town." Guernica is a Basque town.

It was bombed by Hitler for Franco because the city of Bilbao would not surrender. Franco believed that he could smash Basque resistance if Guernica, the heart of the Basques-was destroyed. Of course he tried for almost 50 years, and never succeeded. Despite the political, linguistic and cultural oppression under Franco, the Basque town of Guernica survives today.

Eskerrik Asko,
Uda Olabarria Walker

Living in Australia in 2003

By Vanessa Jones

"Bush himself is the most incompetent and dangerous President in living memory". Thus spake Mark Latham, Australian Labor frontbencher, Feb, 2003. This kind of statement is what got the American Ambassador to Australia, Tom Schieffer upset. Apparently, he's complained, at a "conversational" level, about the Labor party's lack of support over Iraq.

In Australia, early in February, all households were delivered government-created "terror kits", which follow a summer of TV advertising about how we should report suspicious activities to information hotlines. The terror kit arrived in my house yesterday. Packaged in plastic. An austere one pack per household. The Greens were advising citizens to send them back to the Prime Minister at Parliament House, as an anti-war action.

"This postal delivery on Feb 8, followed an historical occasion the day before, when, for the first time in Australia's 102-year Senate history the Senate's Opposition Labor, Greens, Democrat parties, and some of its independent senators, voted a "no confidence' motion in its Prime Minister, John Howard, over his involving of Australia in Bush and Blair's proposed attack against Iraq. Australia is the only sheep thus far to follow Britain and the U.S., with its troops, to the Gulf.

As an Iraqi market stallholder said on ABC TV news tonight, "I want to talk to the Australian people. We love the Australian people. They are our friends. We trade with them. So, why do the Australian people want to join the United States against their friends in Iraq?" Well, stallholder man, (your name wasn't printed--a dignity usually reserved for Westerners) the majority of us don't want to go to war. Average Australians do not delight in this prospect. Many people are quite angry about it, and are demonstrating against the idea of war, although this is not reported much in the media. There is little profit, if any, in Australia's involvement. Just predict-

(**OLS** *continued on page 6)*

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A CounterPunch Journey to the Kinsey Institute

Sex Science in the Heartland

BY SUSAN DAVIS

I am off to Bloomington in south-central Indiana, on the trail of Gershon Legman, social critic, sex researcher, writer and folklorist. In the 1940s, before his exile in France, Legman worked in New York as a book buyer, a bibliophilic go-between and researcher for Alfred C. Kinsey, the Indiana University biologist whose Sexual Behavior in the Human Male blew open American ideas about what people do behind closed doors. There's an especially rich trove of Legman's brilliant, polemical letters and folk pornography at the Kinsey Institute in Bloomington.

Indiana 41 is a dangerous road, and I'm a danger to myself when I stop to photograph the frequent roadside crosses, so I push on, cutting through the faded limestone glory of Greencastle, over the bench land to the White Valley. The smoky bottomlands, where they're burning slash, are lulling, and I'm listening to Ralph Stanley, hallowed banjo player and high- lonesome singer, trying to decide which is the best on his new album of old songs. They're all good, but "False Hearted Lover's Blues" is a classic, a "come all ye" warning about the faithlessness of women in general:

"They'll bite the hand that feeds you,
Spend the money that you save.
With your heart strings and silk garters,
They'll build a doghouse on your grave."

From Ellertsville it's all strip services into Bloomington. I find my way to the Memorial Union, next to Ernie Pyle Hall, his typewriter on display in the window. There's still time to change clothes and catch a few hours at the Archive.

But getting into the Kinsey is harder than it looks. I've been here before, and I've called ahead, but it's still surprisingly tricky. The collections and research work there are so provocative that gentle barriers have been set up to make sure no one wanders in casually. You go in the front door of Morrison Hall, the biology building, and the Archive is on the fourth floor. But there are no stairs after the second floor, and the Kinsey Institute is walled off from the rest of the building, as if its contents could not be allowed to seep into other scholarly operations. You have to take an elevator to the third-floor so a receptionist can look you over; but since the elevator doesn't go to the fourth floor during working hours, you have to work your way up a tiny set of winding stairs, through more doors and then into the reading room.

Unexpected developments interfere with my work. The archive is having its annual unannounced book sale (no dealers invited), clearing out its duplicate copies of everything from Krafft-Ebbing to eighth-rate porn. It takes time to figure out what I might want to buy. "We've got to get this stuff out of here!" Shawn Wilson, user services coordinator, tells me. "We have such a space problem." They do, because Kinsey collected everything remotely relevant to human sexuality, from personal diaries to pre-Columbian sculpture. For decades many other collectors of material considered obscene, illegal or degenerate have sent their treasures here, knowing they would not be burned or thrown out with the trash. The ice sheet of the 1950s pushed a lot of eccentrics Kinsey's way.

The archive isn't just a remarkable collection of books about sex, and it doesn't just contain Kinsey's voluminous papers. It's jammed with scrapbooks and manuscripts of all kinds. Then there's his data reservoir of tens of thousands of face-to-face interviews with people about their sexual histories. Kinsey's interview technique, carefully designed to preserve total anonymity, tried to break down reserve and banish embarrassment. He fired the questions at his subjects, relentlessly corralling unanswered questions ("let's try this again: when was the first time you had sex with an animal?") but his sympathetic acceptance produced unusual honesty.

Over the years, Kinsey and his staff compiled an enormous and liberating database of information about what people actually did, rather than what they were supposed to do. It was Kinsey's research that demonstrated that about 10 percent of the U.S. population was homosexual; bisexual himself, he revealed the frequency of bisexuality. He helped people accept masturbation as a normal adult practice, not a disease of childhood. He drove the final nail in the coffin of the myth of the vaginal orgasm. He found that a lot of people rarely have sex. Some of his interviewees were willing to keep sex diaries for him., and there are endless letters, because Kinsey encouraged people to stay in touch with him. Especially after the publication of The Human Male, people often wrote asking if their behavior, or their children's behavior, was normal.

This can seem like collecting mania, but in many ways it made sense. Kinsey began his career as a field biologist, a positivist par excellence, spending years chasing down every subspecies of gall wasp. When he changed his focus to sex he followed the same strategy, operating on the vacuum cleaner principle, sucking up information and artifacts almost indiscriminately, on the theory that no one could know what might prove useful in the future. Towards the end he seems to have been unable to stop collecting. He most likely worked himself to death. Still, vacuum cleaner mode is not a bad scientific method when the problem is range and variation. Five decades after his death provocative books on previously unthought-of topics are still coming out of the Kinsey. For more on Kinsey himself I recommend Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy's biography, published in 2000, Sex and The Mismeasure of All Things.

Because the book sale takes up so much of the reading room, they've assigned me to work in the John Money seminar room, two floors down (eleva-

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The locked museum includes an amazing collection of colored, specialty condoms preserved in glass vials of nitrogen gas and an extensive selection of fetish footwear.

tor and stairs again), back through confusing corridors. Everyday I must lock up everything except the tape recorder I use to take notes, collect a pile of old letters from Shawn, and zigzag through this labyrinth to the Money room, making the same journey in reverse at the mandatory lunch hour, back again after 1 PM, and repeat the same route at closing time.

But it's more than inconvenient, it's disorienting, because along those two back hallways are displayed samples of Alfred Kinsey's remarkable collection of erotic art. Images of every sort of sexual activity, solitary, coupled, or group, fantastic or realistic, have been pulled from the vaults and put up on the walls. I almost can't make it to the Money room, the display is so distracting. There are cheap French postcards, portraits of strippers, and posters for 1950s B movies like "I Want More!" There are Picasso lithographs, and paintings by Matisse and Chagall, and silver gelatin photographs of the imaginable and the unimaginable. There's a Michel Fingesten bookplate showing a woman watering a phallus tree; it sprouts little penises. I'm especially struck by an urgent ink brush close-up of a man, fully clothed, masturbating in a street. And an etching of a reclining nude, an odalisque. She spirals, pointing her face, an elbow and one breast upwards, her back and heart-shaped rump to the artist. It's obvious he loved her.

The Money room is distracting, too. Money was an early expert on transexualism. It's not only full of his books, but it contains his own erotic art collection, and here I am trying to concentrate on publication dates. I rush through that first afternoon feeling overwhelmed. Tonight as every night when I leave, exhausted from staring at dead people's handwriting, a weird carillon begins to play. It must be an experimental music project, but it sounds like a child whacking an out-of-tune xylophone as it echoes through the campus woods. But Bloomington has reasonable restaurants and bars, and I can recuperate with a glass of wine over Thai or Yugoslav food, or just a steak. Then to bed, sleeping uneasily and longing to head out to Bean Blossom, an hour away, where Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys are playing this weekend.

Over three days I make the corridor trip at least 24 times and its effect on me begins to shift. At first I'm stopped in my tracks by the frankness, the beauty of pictures of people making love or simply displaying their bodies in so many different ways. Then later I'm distracted by them, wanting to read the carefully composed labels about the artists and subjects. The next thing I know I'm taking notes. And I'm not supposed to be taking notes on erotica this trip, but concentrating on some finer points of folklore publishing history.

At the outset, working at the Kinsey comes as a relief. Everyone is so matter of fact about sex. You could ask to see a manuscript on anything — bestiality among the industrial elite of Indianapolis, for example — and the staff wouldn't bat an eye. They would simply drop it on your desk and say "Anything else we can get you?" There's a kind of comfort in this, given our Puritan inheritance. Catherine Johnson, curator of the art collection, is kind enough to give me a personal tour of the locked museum, which includes an amazing collection of colored, specialty condoms preserved in glass vials of nitrogen gas and an extensive selection of fetish footwear. Kinsey's art collection, she tells me, holds 7,000 works and artifacts, 48,000 photographs and documents. And that's not counting films and "special collections". I retreat to my room for a nap. Don't let anybody tell you it's easy working immersed in erotica.

Then, a day later, I begin to get giddy, as if I've had too much champagne. I make a crude joke to Shawn about the Money room's decor: "What is this, the "Penetration from the Rear Room"? Shawn's not getting my joke. "No", he answers, puzzled. "I told you, it's the Money room." Does this mean that after a while it all becomes just wallpaper to the Kinsey staff? Not really, library director Liana Zhou says. "It becomes normal to us because it's part of life. We just think it's really beautiful." Lucky Liana. Her office is adorned with Japanese color wood block prints, pages from giant pillow books.

Finally, on day three, it all starts to grate. On my final exit, as I glance at the headless masturbator and my charming odalisque, a voice inside me snarls "Oh, why don't you just COVER UP!" Where did that voice come from?

The problem is displacement. Everything stashed at the Kinsey was once stashed somewhere else. In a shoe box in the back of a closet, in a vault, under the bed. Whether fine art or junk, it was originally somebody's "special stuff", used who knows how — as a turn on, entertainment, or consolation. Now the catalogs and exhibits throw neutral museum light on what was once trash, or delectably furtive, but here promoted to Art. All of the fingerprints have been cleaned off; there are no tattered corners, no signs of use and love. I guess the Kinsey's walls say "It's all really OK." It's OK to have this stuff, and it's OK to do this stuff. Certainly that

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(**Kinsey** *continued from page 5*)

was what Alfred Kinsey's published research said, and what he wanted to say, as he sought to breach every sexual boundary of his own. And yet, there are still all those barriers and locked doors and special permissions needed….

I scoop up my tapes and hike over to First and Jordan to take a look at the house Kinsey built. Just an ordinary brick ranch house but here, in a special room, Kinsey began to add film of people having sex to his databank: an assistant shot untold reels of film of people, sometimes Kinsey's graduate students, sometimes Kinsey himself with a volunteer, getting it on. Sometimes he simply watched and took notes.

Few of Kinsey's methods would pass muster with the prudish and litigation-phobic University Human Subjects Committees today, including his apparent stipulation that men who worked with him prove they were "unbiased" about homosexuality by having sex with him and each other. It's unknown whether the few female members of his research team had to pass similar tests. If wives and girlfriends objected, as they occasionally did, to the bisexual group marriage of the research team, their feelings were largely ignored.

A young man comes out of the house to ask if I need help. "Can I take a photo?" Sure. "Do a lot of people stop to ask if this is Dr. Kinsey's house?" All the time, says the blasé college student.

Then I head home, this time straight on I-74, listening to Ralph Stanley again and contemplating mountain music's view of sex. It's graphic, but it's not about how many rules can be broken. Dr. Stanley is recently saved in the Primitive Baptist Church and some fans say it's opened up his vocal style. For Ralph Stanley there are only the ten old rules and the old songs are terse stories about people who break most of them. When Lord Arnold's wife seduces Mathie Grove right there in church one Sunday "the like had never been done", that's all. There are the brusque consequences. When Lady Arnold defies her husband,

"He took her by the hair of her head
And led her through the hall
With his sword, cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall."

The old story songs have a matter-of-fact brutality, even though they're worn smooth from years of singing.

At 75 Ralph Stanley is more than a generation younger than Alfred Kinsey. Stanley grew up in Virginia. Kinsey was originally from the East Coast, practically a New Yorker, but he did his real work from then-provincial Bloomington. As I cruise down towards the Wabash I ponder the two men: Kinsey the modernist, building a sexual science, Stanley, the traditionalist, reinterpreting an old sound and present at the birth of a new one, bluegrass. Each did his own most creative work in the cold, cold years of the middle twentieth century. How was it that the heartland made a home for them both?

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(**OLS** *continued from page 3*)

able deaths on all sides, and more depleted uranium in people's and the Earth's systems.

Two weeks ago, my home town of Canberra experienced some freaky and devastating bush fire storms, which resulted in deaths, injuries, and over 500 houses and vital infrastructure damaged or destroyed, including the Mount Stromlo Observatory. It came by surprise, as a terrorist attack would. No one was ready. It happened in a mad panic, causing mass evacuations, and continued in different directions for the next two weeks. The emergency services were then stretched to the limit, to put it very politely. Others have said that the fire, local government and police departments were disorganized and hopeless. One mother had to drive through fire, with her kids in the car, just to drive out of her street. At least, now, every household has an emergency terror pack, with fridge magnet included, detailing emergency numbers to be called, in case of a terrorist strike. Just don't expect the emergency services to turn up on time. Or put the flames out efficiently, like in the recent bush fires. Fan the flames of hate, and what do you get?

Rally attendance in Australia, population 19 odd million, across February:Melbourne Feb 14: 200,000 (pop. 3 mill) Sydney Feb 16: 250,00-300,000 (pop. 3 mill) Biggest march in Australia's history. Brisbane: 50,000 (pop 1 mill) Adelaide:100,000 (pop 1mill). Canberra: 16,000 (pop 300,000) Perth: 10,000. Darwin (in monsoonal weather) 2,000. Various regional rallies around smaller towns. The Melbourne and Sydney rallies were the biggest since the Vietnam moratorium marches. CP

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The World Says No!

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